

52.
A Faithful

NARRATIVE

OF THE

Base and inhuman ARTS

That were lately practised upon the

B R A I N

O F

Habbakkuk Hilding,

Justice, Dealer, and Chapman,

Who now lies at his House in Covent-
Garden, in a deplorable State of Lunacy;
a dreadful Monument of *false Friendship*
and *Delusion*.

By DRAWCANSIR ALEXANDER,
Fencing-Master and Philomath.

— tribus anticyris caput insanabile.

I wage not War with *Bedlam* and the *Mint*:

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SHARP, near *Temple-Bar*.

MDCCLII.

(Price Six Pence.





A Faithful

NARRATIVE, &c.



SORRY am I — yea very grievous it is unto me, that the unchristian Treatment I have lately undergone, compelleth me to complain of that Malevolence which meseemeth hath soured the Milk of human Kindness, and engendered Rancour and Envy in the Room of Peace and brotherly Affection. — An Office of Humanity in which I was lately concerned, hath been so cruelly, not to call it heathenishly misrepresented to my Prejudice, that I were more insensible than the Beasts that perish, could I sit tamely under the Spout of Slander, without seeking to justify the Uprightness of my Intention in the Face of God and Man. It having been

industriously whispered about, that I was aiding and abetting in a Confederacy against the Peace and Conscience of my Neighbour *Habbakkuk Hilding*, Justice, Chapman and Dealer, whereby the Brain of the said *Hilding* was miserably distempered, so as to render him incapable of carrying on his Trade, or providing for his Wife and numerous Family; I, in Justice to my own Character, as well as to the Intent that those Persons who were guilty of this base and enormous Crime, may be properly stigmatized and punished, for their Barbarity. — I say, being moved by these Considerations, I will now, with the utmost Sincerity and Regard to Truth, narrate the Particulars of this heinous Transaction, that the Publick may see whether I have not acted as became an honest Man, a good Neighbour, and zealous Christian. —

First then, it will be necessary to premise that I have for some Time past, lived on the Foot of friendly Intercourse with the above mentioned *Hilding*, being thereunto moved by the Report of divers substantial and creditable Housekeepers in the Neighbourhood, who assured me that he had quitted all the vicious and abandoned Courses of his former Life, and now behaved in every respect, like a sober Subject and vigilant Magistrate; and although during the Term of our Acquaintance, I have known
him

him break out into sundry Irregularities both in Life and Conversation, I cannot help owning that he was upon the whole, more calm and moderate than one could well expect of a Person so long accustomed to Riot, Outrage and all manner of Profligacy. His latter Excesses I charitably imputed to a small Residue of the old Leaven working with the Infirmities of old Age; and with regard to some temporary Paroxysms of Delirium to which he was subject, I was given to understand that they proceeded from a disordered Imagination, originally produced by some unlucky overthrows he had sustain'd in the Warfare of an Author.

It was to this Cause, I ascribed divers extravagancies which I of late observed in his private Department: Such as mixing Tobacco with his Beer, and insisting upon our pledging him in that unpalatable Composition; swearing with horrid Imprecations, that if we refused to do him Justice, we should be forthwith committed to *Bridewell*: He was also seized with the unaccountable Whim of smoaking his Pipe at his posterior Chimney, of leaking in his favourite Constable's Hat, and one Night at the Club, where he always used to fabricate our Punch, instead of Sugar he dissolved a large Quantity of purging Salts. When we complained of the Sophistication he swore that what he had done was for the Preservation of Health,

on

on the Authority of one Dr. *Thumpscull*, whom he represented as the greatest Physician upon Earth, who had at length discovered the universal Catholicon, which was no other than *Acton*-Water impregnated with these Salts. Sometimes he would sink into a State of profound musing, during which he would neither reply to our Interrogations, nor drink off his Glass, which formerly he never used to neglect; but shift his Chew from one Cheek to another, and twist his Mouth into various Contorsions without Intermission; then he would, all of a sudden, snap his Fingers, pronounce some incoherent Curse, and tilting himself upon one Hip, emit a very audible Explosion; which indeed every Member had the Privilege of doing; in as much as the Club is stiled the *Free and Easy*.

“ Assuredly, (said I to myself) these
 “ Symptoms indicate a total Subversion of
 “ Intellect; for, they have continued for
 “ several Days successively, whereas, his former Fits seldom lasted longer than a few
 “ Hours. I must observe his Conduct
 “ more narrowly, before I venture to declare myself, lest I should incur the
 “ Penalty of the Law for Defamation; and
 “ so soon as I shall be convinced that he is
 “ in reality *non compos*, perform the Duties
 “ of my own Conscience, in warning the
 “ rest of his Friends and Relations, so as
 “ that

“ that he may be properly restrained from “ doing Mischief.”——Actuated by these Christian Considerations, and none other, I redoubled my Visits to his House, and in one of these, seeing two Persons enter, with very important Countenances, I retired to another Apartment on the Supposition that they were come upon Business; and when they withdrew, returned to the Room they had left, where I found Mr. *Hilding* foaming at the Mouth with a very particular Wildness in his Looks, and other Marks of extreme Agitation, which was the more remarkable as he had been perfectly sober and sedate when I quitted the Room.

I could not help suspecting that this violent Emotion was the Effect of what had happened between him and those Strangers; and even began to be apprehensive that they had been tampering with him on the Score of Religion, according to the Practice of some *Roman* Catholick Priests, who lie in wait for those Symptoms of a decayed Understanding, in order to make Converts to their damnable Communion; for, my poor Neighbour raved exceedingly about St. *Paul* and the *Apocalypse*; and with many Oaths pronounced the reproachful Terms of Rogue, Rascal, Hypocrite, Goose, &c. which I suppose were bestowed upon the said Visitants. He who seemed to be the principal Figure, was a long, lean, lank, mishapen Spectre,
with

with an aukward, shambling, Goose-like Gait, a Neck of prodigious Extension, and a most simple Physiognomy, which at that Time I really took to be the Result of consummate Dissimulation. In a Word, I dreaded some Jesuitical Conspiracy, and resolved to watch them more narrowly in their future Visitations.

I accordingly hinted my Suspicions to Mrs. *Hilding*, who thanked me for my kind Concern, and actually gave me Notice the very next Day, that the same Persons were returned: I then, for my own Justification, engaged two of my Neighbours to accompany and assist me in this charitable Work, and repairing to my Friend *Habbakkuk's* House, we were privately introduced into an Apartment where we could overhear the Conversation that passed between him and his Guests. The first Voice we heard was that of his Worship, who in a very vehement Tone spoke to the following Purpose. "Blood and Thunder! Sir "*Gosling*, don't tell me of your Favours; "I am sure I have purchased them at a "damned dear Price. Zounds! I have "been hooted at, beat and battered, lost "my Senses, my Teeth and Reputation in "your Service; and the Devil confound me "if I have the least Inclination to reim- "bark at these Years, in such a desperate "Quarrel." The other having solemnly re-
buked

buked him for his profane Swearing, as a Practice altogether indecent and of evil Example in a Magistrate ; desired him to recollect what he owed, in point of Gratitude, to the Man who had rescued him from the Contempt of the World, and the Horrors of Indigence, from which all his Talents could not defend him. “ Have not I (said the “ Remonstrant) relieved you in your Necessities, been the Bawd to your Performances ; and, in Despite of all Decorum, erected you into a Judge over your Fellows ; and now that I am insulted in publick, do you refuse to stand forth in my Behalf ? ” *Habbakkuk*, irritated by these Upbraidings, replied in a furious Accent, “ Damme, Sir, you must give me leave to act the Remembrancer in my Turn. Pray, am not I the Person who, in Defiance to his own Conscience, hath been an humble and assiduous Minister to your Vanity and Self-conceit ? Have I not been your Bully in private Conversations, representing you as a mighty Orator, profound Statesman, immense Scholar, Critick and Wit ? Have I not even prostituted my own Judgment and Character so far as to celebrate you for these Talents in the Works I have published ? Have not I played the Part of your Zany or Jack-Pudding in weekly Lucubrations against the *Jacobites*, until the most zealous Whig was sick of my

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“ Buf-

“ Buffoonery, and totally discarded me and
 “ mine Ass? I have not only buttered you,
 “ Sir *Gosling*, but by G—d, I have de-
 “ scended so low as to write Panegyrick
 “ upon the most contemptible of those
 “ who had scribbled in your Praise; and
 “ what is my Recompense for all this Sa-
 “ crifice? Why truly, you have put me
 “ in a Way of getting Bread when I have
 “ no longer Teeth to eat it. But granting,
 “ as you observe, my Talents could scarce
 “ keep me from starving in my Youth,
 “ when all my Faculties were in Perfection,
 “ what a Figure should I now cut, were I
 “ to declare War against Antagonists who
 “ are allowed to have Health, Strength, and
 “ Dexterity on their Side? Have you for-
 “ got what a scurvy Champion I proved in
 “ the Character of *Hercules Vinegar*, when
 “ I was detected in playing Booty and hissed
 “ off the Stage? Don’t you still perceive in
 “ my Countenance Marks of repeated Dam-
 “ nation? And will you persist in desiring
 “ me to expose myself to fresh Dangers and
 “ Disgrace by assuming the Title of *Censor*
 “ of *Great Britain*, to which I have just as
 “ good a Claim as the under Turn-key of
 “ *Bridewell* has to the Government of *Gib-*
 “ *raltar*? ’Sdeath! Sir *Gosling*, it but ill
 “ becomes me to attack those who really are
 “ the Inhabitants of *Grubstreet*?—Me, who
 “ at many different Periods of my Life have
 “ had

“ had no Habitation at all ; who was indeed
 “ literally the Inhabitant of the first Street
 “ that presented me with a dry Bulk, or
 “ convenient Penthouse for the Night’s
 “ Lodging ; who would have rejoiced at
 “ being admitted into any Garret in *Grub-*
 “ *street*, or Cellar in *Thieving-Lane*, where
 “ I could have enjoyed the Benefits of a
 “ clean Straw-Couch, and a Cover over
 “ my Head ; who have been fain to hire
 “ myself as Author to a Puppet-show Man ;
 “ and even to blow the Trumpet in *Quality*
 “ of Herald to a Collection of wild Beasts
 “ at *Bartholomew* Fair, rather than per-
 “ severe in suffering the incredible Fa-
 “ tigue, continual Apprehension, and un-
 “ numbered Drubbings annexed to the
 “ Employment of a Bawdy-house Bully,
 “ which I exercised for the Space of two
 “ whole Years : hath not the Horse-laugh
 “ of the Public been turned against me, by
 “ almost every Person whom I have attemp-
 “ ted to ridicule ? witness that facetious Ras-
 “ cal who even disputed my Existence, and
 “ actually proved me defunct, while his
 “ Customers were treated with Tea at my
 “ Expence. With what Face then can I
 “ take the Field against Antagonists whom
 “ you in your Conscience know and have
 “ often owned to be Soldiers of Courage and
 “ Proof, and who knew perfectly well
 B 2 “ how

“ how to manage those Batteries of Ridicule
 “ against me ? Answer me that Sir *Gosling*.”

I was much pleased and comforted at hearing this Expostulation, which was not only sensible and discreet, but moreover fraught with a becoming Modesty, which I had never before marked in the Conversation of my poor Friend : For, he was always observed to have that Failing of low Minds, which is shewn by Humility and Fawning in the Day of Trouble ; and by Arrogance and over-weening Conceit in his better Fortune—But those evil Counsellors were not thus to be baffled in their pernicious Design—Sir *Gosling* still proceeded in his Incentives, affirming that *Habbakkuk* would, in the War which he had projected, have divers considerable Advantages over his Adversaries, in as much as he was already rendered callous and insensible, by the numberless Disgraces he had undergone ; consequently case-hardened against the Weapons of the Foe, who might perhaps sustain some accidental Stroke in the Course of the Campaign ; while he could not possibly suffer the least Diminution in point of Glory and Importance ; so happily was he placed below the Level of Ridicule or Censure.
 “ Let me illustrate this Assertion (said he)
 “ with the Example of your Friend and
 “ quondam Companion *Buckhorse* the Shoe-
 “ cleaner and Bruiser, whose Character and
 “ Si-

“ Situation bears a strong Analogy with
 “ your own. Would not that indefatigable
 “ Veteran, who hath been pummelled out
 “ of all the Sensations, and indeed almost out
 “ of the Appearance of human Nature,
 “ have palpably the best of the Match in
 “ engaging with an Hero of superior Sensi-
 “ bility and Fame? Surely, yes—because
 “ there is something which by the Chance
 “ of Battle he might gain, and nothing
 “ which by being defeated, he could lose---
 “ all that I require of you, is to march
 “ forth in Procession, like a sturdy Prize-
 “ fighter, who with Sword in Hand and a
 “ Number of Patches on his Skull, the
 “ Marks of former Prowess, challenges his
 “ rival Warriors to single Combat—Sound
 “ the Trumpet of Defiance against all those
 “ Champions who are either your Foes or
 “ mine: Whatever Talents they may have,
 “ or whatsoever may have been their Suc-
 “ cess; treat them all as Cowards, Asses,
 “ Grubs and Vermin; but let loose the
 “ chief Torrent of your Gall against that
 “ Rascal *Peregrine Pickle*, who hath
 “ brought us both to Ridicule and Shame---
 “ if you should chance to see him in your
 “ March, take Post in the next Kennel,
 “ and bespatter him with Dirt; that is
 “ an Exercise in which I am sure he is
 “ not your Equal. Should he decline the
 “ Encounter, pursue him with Abuse—
 “ your

“ your blind Brother will join the Cry, and
 “ ring the Changes upon the Words *mean,*
 “ *low, stupid, Scandal and Scurrility.*”

Here he was interrupted by the unfortunate *Habbakkuk*, who exclaimed in a most outrageous Strain, “ Death and the Devil
 “ and Damnation ! d’ ye want to make me
 “ a Laughing-stock to the lowest of the
 “ Rabble-----does not all the World know
 “ that *Habbakkuk Hilding* was never heard
 “ of as an Author, until he opened an
 “ Office for the Sale of Scurrility and per-
 “ sonal Abuse, which was known by the
 “ Name of *Hilding’s Scandal Shop*, and be-
 “ came as notorious as the Oratory of *Clare-*
 “ *Market?*—have you forgot what a Stab
 “ the Liberty of the Press received, on ac-
 “ count of my Presumption, and the Info-
 “ lence of certain Persons? Sir *Gosling*, d-mn
 “ my Blood, we know one another.”---In
 this Place he suffered another Interruption,
 by the Knight, who with some Expressions
 of kind Concern, took Notice that *Hab-*
bakkuk’s Countenance was changed, that
 his Eyes seemed hollow, and one Side of his
 Mouth convulsed ; and begged he would take
 a few Drops of a salutary Elixir, which he (Sir
Gosling) always carried in his Pocket for
 his own Use, because he was subject to the
 same Irregularity of Spirits.—I no sooner
 heard this Offer made, then I applied one
 Eye to a small Hole in the Partition, and
 saw

saw the said Sir Gosling pour a Quantity of that pernicious Drug into a Glass of Water, and make a Tender of it to the unhappy Patient, who with much Reluctance swallowed the Dose, in consequence of the repeated Entreaties and Blandishments of the two Strangers; and they seeing their Train take Effect, muttered something in a low Voice, with many strange Gesticulations, which I was equally astonished and afraid to behold.

In a few Minutes the Effect of this diabolical Philtre was but too evident—the miserable Patient seemed to undergo a momentary Slumber, from which he started in a violent Burst of Laughter: Then he began to sing with great Vociferation---kissed his Visitants, swore they had inspired him with the Spirit of *Alexander*; that he would fight Sir Gosling's Quarrels, until he should have put all his Enemies under his Feet. Terrified at these sudden and amazing Symptoms of Frenzy and Delusion, I poured forth an Ejaculation to Heaven that I might be preserved from the Power of such infernal Sorcery, and retired without Loss of Time to my own House, being followed by my two Friends, who as yet did not know the true Source of my Fears—I am not one of those incredulous People who will not believe there are Spells to take the Reason Prisoner; therefore I kept within Doors,
pray-

praying for my unhappy Friend, and waiting to see the Issue of those damnable Arts that were practised upon him—when lo! next Morning, I had Occasion to observe the Power of Infatuation in its full Extent.

About eleven o'Clock, *Hilding's* Door was beset with a strange Crew of both Sexes, who I at first imagined, were assembled as usual in the Characters of Plaintiff and Defendant; but I was soon undeceived, by venturing to go out, and taking my Station among the Spectators that stood at some Distance from the Skirts of this Mob. The first Person of Consequence that appeared at the Door was his own Brother, who, as well as *Habbakkuk*, is Proprietor of a twelve penny Office, and commonly distinguished by the Title of the blind Muster-Master General of the Tag, Rag and Bob-tail. Sure I am, he acted in that Capacity, on this Occasion, giving Directions to an Understrapper to range the whole Troop into different Divisions, and appoint a Leader to each. These Dispositions being made, every Individual was regaled with a large Glass of Geneva, and then *Habbakkuk* appearing in Person, was saluted with three Cheers, and the Acclamation of "Long live the invincible Sir "*Alexander Drawcanfir*."—I was not a little surprized to hear my unhappy Neighbour dubbed with a Title prefixed to an Inversion of my own Name—but this was doubt-

doubtless the Work of his Instigators, who regarded me with an evil Eye, because they probably knew I had cautioned him against their enormous Practices.

They had by this Time reduced him to a deplorable Object—his whole Face and upper Garment were bedaubed with Snuff, his Mouth was crammed with Tobacco, the Tincture of which ran down his Beard in divers yellow Streams : His Eyes seemed to reel, and he staggered into the Street like an intoxicated Tinker, exclaiming in a frantic Strain, “ Damn them for Miscreants ! I’ll
“ cut and carve and carbonado the whole
“ Race——bring me my *Bucephalus*, ye
“ Slaves.”—So totally was the Judgment of this poor Wretch perverted, that he mounted a Jack-Ass which they had prepared for the Purpose, in the full Persuasion, that it was the identical Steed of *Alexander the Great* : But, in nothing was his Frenzy more conspicuous than in his Behaviour, while he rode round the Ranks to review his Forces, with a curtailed Mopstick, by way of leading Staff, in his Hand, he made Obeisance to his blind Brother, as to the Author of the *Iliad* ; shook Hands with a Constable, calling him by the Name of *Aristotle* ; imagined he saw *Pindar* in the Person of a Shoe-Black, and *Horace* represented by a Thief-Taker : By the same In-

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fatuation he beheld the rest of the Ancients in his Army, personated by Vagabonds, Pick-pockets, and Ballad-singers, whom his Brother had enlisted into the Service; and riding up to a draggle-tailed Bunter, who had lost her Nose in the Exercise of her Occupation, he addressed himself to her by the Appellation of the adorable *Amelia*, swore by all the Gods she was the Pattern of all earthly Beauty and Perfection; and that he had exhausted his whole Fancy in celebrating her Name—To this Compliment she answered in a snuffling Tone, “Justice, you’re a comical Bitch; “I wish you would treat me with a Dram “this cold Morning,” and before he could reply, he was accosted by a shabby Fellow dressed in a Soldier’s old Coat, who in a whimpering Accent, seconded the Lady’s Request, giving his Worship to understand that the divine *Amelia* had for three Days tasted nothing stronger than some brown Caudle of his own making. In consequence of this Remonstrance, *Habbakkuk* presented him with an old Iron Tobacco-Box, saying, “Well, Mr. *Booth*, here is something “you may pledge in her Behalf at the next “Gin-shop.”—He then put himself at their Head, and ordered the whole Cavalcade to march.

Accordingly they proceeded down *Catherine-street* to the *Strand*, in a most tumultuous

multuous Manner, bellowing Defiance to all who should presume to oppose them ; their Commander leading the Van upon Afs-back, and his Brother bringing up the Rear, under the Guidance of one who called himself *Jones*, and pretended to be a Gentleman ; though he was in reality no other than a Player's Bastard, and had been formerly transported under another Name—— His Right-Hand Man was one *Partridge*, a notorious Felon and Impostor ; and on his Left stalked a strange uncouth Figure with a long Beard, whom the said *Jones* stiled the Philosopher of the Hill ; but, he afterwards proved to be a Sheep-stealer in Disguise—as for *Anna* and her beloved *Booth*, they marched Hand in Hand immediately behind the General ; the Wife brandishing a Broomstick, and the Husband weilding a Distaff, with a Glyster-pipe fixed to his Button-Holes——He suffered a great many furious Looks from a termagant Oyster-Wench called *Matthews*, who walked at a little Distance from this fond Couple, and frequently flourished her Knife at them, with all the Marks of Jealousy and Despair.

In this Manner they continued their March without Opposition, to the Terror of his Majesty's peaceable Subjects ; and made an Halt on the Banks of the Kennel that waters the *New Church* in the *Strand*—here

they stopped with a View to send off Detachments to different Quarters of the Town, when all of a sudden the above-mentioned *Matthews*, seeing a decent Gentlewoman crossing the Street, ran up to *Habbakkuk* with violent Emotion, crying, “D—n my Eyes! “Justice, now is the Time to stand by me, “for there’s the B—ch Miss *Williams*, “Waiting-Maid to Madam *Random*, coming for a Warrant to have me nabbed for “nimming her Gown and Capuchin.”—At the same Instant, *Partridge* having descried a Journeyman Barber, with a remarkably long Chin, passing by *Somerset-House*, in Conversation with another Man, roared out with uncommon Symptoms of Affright, “Blood! We shall all be grabbed, don’t “you see the Dog Strap—the very Cull who “hath a Warrant against me for * snabbling his Peeter and Queer *Joseph*—’tis “Time to shabb off, d—n my Liver.” With these Words he betook himself to his Heels, and fled with great Expedition, being followed by the *pseudo Jones* and *Man of the Hill*, who though they did not rightly conceive his Meaning, knew themselves too well to hazard any Explanation with the

* Snabbing his Peeter and Queer *Joseph*, in the Language of Thieves and Pick-pockets, signifies stealing his Knap sack and upper Garment.

Vide Dict. of Cant Words and Phrases.

Officers of Justice—This Defection produced an universal Pannick among the Soldiers and even Officers of the second Line: insomuch that a general Rout ensued, and the blind Chieftain was overthrown by *Aristotle* in his Retreat.

Habbakkuk seeing this Disorder in his Troops, clapped Spurs to his Ass and pursued the Fugitives, cursing them for their Cowardice, and exhorting them to return; but they soon vanished notwithstanding his Remonstrances, and when he wheeled about to encourage the rest to persevere in their Duty, the greatest Part of them were already dispersed, and his chief Friends and Favourites in the Custody of a Constable, who at my Solicitation had been detached by Justice *Le Gard*, to apprehend the Ring-leaders of such a Riot against the Laws of the Land, and the Peace of his Majesty's loyal Subjects.—This Event, instead of calming, rather inflamed the Delirium of the unfortunate *Hilding*, who uttered many frantic Imprecations against the Cowards who had betrayed him, swore, in Imitation of his Predecessor and Namesake, that he would pursue his Conquests in his own Person, then couching his Mopstick, with a strange and ludicrous Distortion of Feature, applied his Heels to the Sides of the supposed *Bucephalus*, with Intent to charge his Opponents,

Opponents, whom, it seems, he mistook for one *Peregrine Pickle* and his Associates, in as much as he addressed himself to Mr. Constable as to the said *Pickle*, exclaiming,

“ I know thee well, a Blood thou art,

“ Lord *Pickle*, So am I,” — With these Words he would have assaulted the Peace Officer, had not myself and several of his Neighbours laid hold on him, and carried him to his own House, where by the Advice of an able Physician, he was immediately blooded, blistered and purged.

But his Frenzy still continues, and the Doctor seems to despair of his Recovery. For tho’ by dint of the Evacuations he hath undergone, the Rage of his Frenzy is in some Measure abated, he still continues deprived of his Senses, and is between whiles seized with shocking Fits of Horror and Despair, during which he is often heard to cry, — “ Save me from that Russian *Pipes!* bind him over; he shakes his Cudgel at me. — What, no Evidence for Love or Money! Ha! *Polypheme* approaches, with his *Cyclo-pian* Eye! tie me under the Belly of a Ram. — I cry you Mercy, a *Misnomer*. *Trun-nion* is the Man. — Spare me, spare me, good Commodore! I own I have wronged you, as well as your Nephew *Peregrine*, and his Cousin *Random*. — I have robb’d them both, and then raised a false Report against them.

—But

----But my poor Conscience suffers for all.---
 I have damned myself for the Sake of that
 miscreant *Scrag*. O that I could see him
 scragged in good Earnest!----Mercy! Mer-
 cy! I will find Bail.----Gentlemen, I plead
 guilty.----Do'nt pickle me.----I shan't quit
 Cost.----I am poor Carrion.----Don't you
 perceive, I stink of Mortality." Such is the
 present Situation of this wretched Man. As
 for his Aiders and Abettors, they were forth-
 with committed to the House of Correction;
 and what is remarkable, *Amelia* and *Booth*,
 at the very first, performed the Operation of
 Milldolling, like Persons well skilled and
 long experienced in that salubrious Ex-
 ercise.

This being a fair and impartial Account
 of the whole Transaction, I leave the World
 to judge whether I have been to blame in
 my Conduct towards the said *Hilding*, which
 was purely the Result of Humanity and
 Compassion; or whether the Wrath of God
 and Man will not, in all probability, pursue
 the infamous Authors of his Mishap, who
 not contented with the Misery they have al-
 ready entailed upon him, have trumped up
 a false and scandalous Account of certain
 Victories which they pretend he obtained in
 the above narrated Expedition; tho' they
 took care to consult their own Safety, by
 keeping themselves without the Reach of
 that

that Tumult in which they had involv'd their innocent Friend : But, doubtless, their Design is to impose upon that vain Lunatick, with feigned Reports of his own Prowess, that he may be incited to take the Field again, and become subservient to their sordid and unchristian Views of Interest and Revenge.

That the Father of Mercy would take Pity on his deplorable Condition, and deliver him, and all of us, from their perfidious Arts and infernal Snares, is the fervent Prayer of his unfeigned Wellwisher,

DRAWCANSIR ALEXANDER,
Fencing-Master and Philomath.

